

1ST DRAFT
4/21/89

THE SIMPSONS

"HOMER'S ODYSSEY"

BY

Jay Kogen and Wallace Wolodarsky

ACT I

FADE IN:

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY

MRS. KRABAPPEL (pronounced CR-BOP-EL), BART SIMPSON and the rest of her CLASS stand in front of the Springfield Elementary School waiting at the curb. In front of the school there is a sign that reads "SPRINGFIELD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL" with "EL BARTO" spray-painted across it.

The class is a rambunctious group and Mrs. Krabappel is trying to maintain some order.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Now, class, remember that you are on a field trip. You are representatives of Springfield Elementary School, so I want you to be on your best behavior. In the past, some mischief makers have ruined our chances for the whole group and as you know, it's now impossible for us to return to the Chipples Cookie Factory, the Springfield Aquarium and, of course, the Springfield Maximum Security Prison. So mind your p's and q's. Especially you, Bart Simpson.

BART

You can't blame me, Mrs. Krabappel. They were ready to riot.

The SOUND of a bus ENGINE and heavy metal MUSIC grows louder. A school bus drives over the curb and screeches to a halt in front of Mrs. Krabappel and class. The door SQUEAKS open and driving is OTTO DUGAN, a pale, pimply-faced heavy metal dude with dyed black hair and a headset with headbanger music leaking out of them under his driver's hat. He seems hung over.

OTTO
Sorry, little dudes. Party
hardy equals tardy.

BART
Otto is a great dude. If he
wasn't a bus driver, he'd be my
hero.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Alright, children, walk on the
bus in an orderly fashion.
Count off.

The kids step on the bus one by one and count off. Bart is the last to get on.

BART
Twenty-one.

INT. BUS

Bart gets on the bus and stops by Otto.

OTTO
Hey, bartdude. Looking killer.

BART
Thanks, Otto.

OTTO
Last night I went to a real mind
blower. I woke up with this
tattoo. Want to see it?

BART
Sure.

Otto rips open his shirt to reveal a flaming skull with a dagger dripping blood stuck through it. The skull's eye sockets are filled with roses. The tattoo covers his entire chest.

BART (CONT'D)
Cool! I want one.

OTTO
Not till you're fourteen, my
little friend.

MRS. KRABAPPEL (O.S.)
Bart Simpson, take your seat.

As Bart looks in to the filled bus, he sees that there is one seat left next to a fragile-looking BOY. The CAMERA ZOOMS in on the boy as the MUSIC STINGS dramatically.

CLOSE UP on Bart's shocked face.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Go take a seat, Bart.

BART
But that's Walter. He gets
nauseous on every field trip.

WALTER
(getting nauseous)
Oh, God, don't say nauseous.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Walter is an "A" student. You
could learn a thing or two from
Walter. Now take your seat.

Bart gives up and walks to his seat.

BART
Great, I just got this shirt.

Bart takes his seat next to Walter.

WALTER
Please try not to shake the seat
like that.

Mrs. Krabappel takes the mini-microphone and begins to speak, but loud piercing FEEDBACK comes out of the speaker. The kids cover their ears and cry in pain as Mrs. Krabappel adjusts the microphone to the proper level.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Now class, we all know the rules
of the bus.

She points to a sign in the front of the bus.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
(reading the sign)
One: No standing.

BART
But you're standing.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
The bus is not in motion, Bart.
Two: No talking to the driver.
Three: No food or drink. Four:
No chewing gum. Five: No
sticking gum on the back of the
seat, the bottom of your seat or
on your neighbor. Six: Do not
stick any part of your body out
the window. We all know the sad
story about the young man who
put his arm out the window and
tragically had it ripped off by
a speeding dump truck coming in
the other direction.

The bus is hushed in awe. Bart stands up, one arm tucked
inside his shirt, his shirt sleeve flapping.

BART
And I was that boy!

There is a mixed reaction of SCREAMS and CHEERS from the
students.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Bart Simpson. Sit down. I've
had just about enough of your
tom foolery. Now I want ten
seconds of silence from all of
you or this bus isn't going
anywhere. One, two, three,
four...

KID (O.S.)
Ten.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
I mean it. I can wait all day.
One, two...

DIFFERENT KID (O.S.)
Buckle my shoe.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Now, we're not leaving till I
get five seconds of silence.
One, two, three...

BART
Strikes, you're out.

The kids LAUGH.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Bart, one more word out of you
the rest of the ride, and you'll
be sitting in Detention for two
weeks. Now sit there and don't
move a muscle.

(then counting

fast)

One two three four five. Okay,
let's go.

The bus STARTS UP.

WALTER

(moaning)

I don't feel well.

Bart is not happy. The bus pulls out and starts down the
road.

EXT. ROAD - DAY

They pass the tire yard, old tires stacked as far as the eye
can see and a sign stating "SPRINGFIELD TIRE YARD. HOME OF
RUBBER". Some kids in the bus wave out the window and
several YARD WORKERS, covered head to toe with soot, wave
back.

The bus passes a bubbling pit with a sign reading:
"SPRINGFIELD TOXIC WASTE DUMP." Kids wave and MEN in safety
suits wave back.

The bus drives by a large concrete building labeled
"SPRINGFIELD MAXIMUM SECURITY FEDERAL PENITENTIARY". The
kids wave and we see arms sticking out of barred windows
waving back.

We see a map of the city and a moving red line representing
the bus' path. The line squiggles every which way and
crisscrosses.

INT. BUS

Walter is getting very sick and woozy. Bart frantically
raises his hand.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Put your hand down, Bart. I
said not one word out of you.

ANOTHER KID
Look, there's our school again.

The bus indeed passes the school.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Otto, are you sure you...

OTTO
Trust me, Mrs. K. It's a short cut.

Two angelic twins in neat little dresses, TERRI AND SHERRI, begin to poke and prod Bart in an effort to make him talk.

SHERRI
Talk, Bart Simpson.

TERRI
We can make you talk.

SHERRI
You're so stupid, Bart.

Bart resists their taunts and prods.

SHERRI
Charlie horse!

In a hail of fists, they beat on Bart's leg. Clearly in pain, Bart remains silent.

TERRI
Indian burn!

They twist Bart's arms. Bart holds in his screams.

WALTER
Please, I beg you, stop shaking the seat.

The twins menacingly take out barrettes from their hair, light glistening off the sharp edge.

TERRI
Perhaps the business end of this barrette...

SHERRI
...Will make you talk.

ANGLE ON BART

sweating in fear. Just as they are about to jab the needles into him, Bart breaks.

BART

Nooooo!

Mrs. Krabappel turns around.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

That's it. Two weeks detention.
Why can't you be more like
Sherri and Terri? They know how
to behave.

Sherri and Terri sit with their hands folded on their laps, looking perfect with an angelic light behind their heads.

BART

But...

The bus hits a bump, and Walter can no longer hold back. He disappears behind the seat and makes retching noises. All the other kids rush to the other side of the bus, grossed out, but Bart just stays in his seat.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT - DAY

The bus pulls up in front of the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant.

A sign labels the plant and under it states: "WE'RE SAFER THAN YOU THINK."

INT. BUS

Everyone is on one side of the bus except Bart and Walter.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Now all of you get up and get
off the bus in an orderly
fashion. Remember the person
sitting next to you is your
"buddy". You are to stick with
him or her until we get back on
the bus.

They exit the bus two by two.

BART

My buddy needs Dramamine.

EXT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Mrs. Krabappel walks up to a GUARD in a booth in the front. The guard is engrossed in the Home Shopping Network on a mini T.V. in his booth.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Oh, sir.

GUARD
Go on in.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Don't we have to pass some sort
of security check?

GUARD
Okay. You a terrorist?

MRS. KRABAPPEL
No.

GUARD
So stop buggin' me and go on in.

The guard goes back to his T.V. and the class passes through the doors.

INT. NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Once inside, they are met by a permanently smiling slick P.R. man, MR. SMITHERS.

SMITHERS
Hello, you must be Mrs.
Crabapple.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
That's Krabappel.

SMITHERS
Of course. And these must be
the energy customers of the
future. Well, everybody just
step through this door and we'll
start our tour. I hope
everybody has their signed
safety waivers. I'll collect
them as you pass by.

The kids pass, single file, through the door. A sign above the door: "EXTREME DANGER: RADIOACTIVE AREA. ENTER AT YOUR OWN RISK."

BART
Hey, Mister. What are these
waivers for?

SMITHERS
Just a formality. This simply
protects us from any litigation
stemming from, say, a nuclear
meltdown right now, to sometime
in the future when you find you
can't have children.

BART
That's cool. Come on, Walter.

Bart walks in and Walter hands Smithers his disgusting, wet
waiver. Smithers winces.

WALTER
Sorry.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER

The class is seated in a meeting room. Smithers is at the
front giving a lecture. The kids are really bored.

SMITHERS
...And so this plant harnesses
the power of the atom so that we
have the energy to run tanning
salons, video arcades and bumper
cars in our city. Plus it gives
jobs back to our town. How many
people here have relatives
working here in the plant?

Several hands go out. Bart stands.

BART
(proud)
My dad is a technical
supervisor.

Bart sits proudly. CARLY stands up, even prouder.

CARLY
My dad is head technical
supervisor.

JAMES stands up, the proudest.

JAMES

My dad can pull a tractor with
his teeth.

The class is very impressed.

SMITHERS

Well, to learn more about how
safe and good nuclear energy is,
let's look at a little film that
explains the process.

Smithers dims the lights and flips on a projector.

ON MOVIE SCREEN

TITLE CARD:

"MIDWESTERN WATER AND POWER
A SUBSIDIARY OF THE KOOKI-KOLA BOTTLING CORP.
PRESENTS
NUCLEAR ENERGY: YOUR MISUNDERSTOOD FRIEND"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Most people, when they think of
nuclear, this of this.

The screen shows the Bikini Island blast.

ON CLASS

Watching the film in excitement, the kids CHEER as their
faces reflect the glow of the on-screen explosion.

ON MOVIE SCREEN

The film goes on to show houses blown down, trees being
knocked down, devastated landscapes, etc.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But when we talk about nuclear
energy, we really mean this.

The screen shows people from the early Sixties watching T.V.
an old lamp being turned on, and some unknown animals being
roasted on a rotisserie. The screen goes blank as different
colored question marks appear.

NARRATOR (V.O.; CONT'D)
But what is nuclear energy? How
does it work? Where does it
come from? Should I go home and
tell my parents to buy stock in
Mid-Western Power? I don't know
the answer to these questions,
but I know someone who does:
Fissy Fission.

FISSY FISSION, a little ANIMATED CHARACTER looking like the
symbol for the atom with arms, legs and a head attached walks
on screen. Fissy tips his cowboy hat.

FISSY
Howdy there, little pards. I'm
Fissy Fission, your atomic tour
guide to the fun world of
nuclear power. So come along
little doggies and I'll show you
how nuclear energy is made.

Fissy walks over to THREE RODS with faces and legs.

FISSY (CONT'D)
These are rods of uranium 235.
Hi, guys.

ROD #1
Hey, Fissy. Boy, it's hot.
Hotter than a bus seat on a
sunny day.

FISSY
The rods got really hot so they
get cooled in water.

The rods run to a tank of water, stick their backside in and
breathe a sigh of relief as steam rises.

FISSY (CONT'D)
In fact, the rods get so hot
that they can boil water.

The water starts to boil.

FISSY (CONT'D)
The boiled water turns to steam
that spins turbines that
generate energy.

Turbines spin and animated WHISTLES make carnival MUSIC.

FISSY (CONT'D)
So now we know that all the
people who say nuclear energy is
unsafe are bad people.

Danger MUSIC "Bum Bum Bum" is HEARD.

FISSY (CONT'D)
It's our old enemy, Nuclear
Waste.

An evil glowing CREATURE with a top hat and mustache creeps
up to Fissy.

NUCLEAR WASTE
I'll get you, Fissy Fission.

FISSY
Don't worry, kids.

Fissy pulls a knife out of his pocket, cuts a string and a
giant block of concrete labeled "CONCRETE BLOCK" falls on
Nuclear Waste.

FISSY (CONT'D)
We keep that nasty guy here in
concrete and the pixie
fairies...

Beautiful little PIXIES fly in and pick up the block and dump
it in a hole in a field of garbage.

FISSY (CONT'D)
...bury him where he'll never
get out, or if he does, you
won't be alive to see it. So
now you know the whole true
story of Nuclear Energy. Tell
your friends and tell your
folks. Adios, Amigos.

Fissy rides off on a light bulb.

TITLE CARD: "THE END".

ON CLASS

Mr. Smithers turns the light back on. The whole class is
asleep, including Mrs. Krabappel. Smithers CLEARS HIS THROAT
loudly. They all wake up with a start and then instinctly
APPLAUD.

MRS. KRABAPPEL
Very informative.

SMITHERS

There you have it. Nuclear energy is safe as safe can be. Now just put on these radioactivity gauges before we enter the plant.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

Perhaps the class has some questions.

A young boy, SCOTT, raises his hand.

SMITHERS

Yes.

SCOTT

What's the true story behind the web of secrecy and corruption surrounding the nuclear industry?

SMITHERS

I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name.

SCOTT

Scott Goodman.

Smithers checks through his pile of safety waivers, pulls Scott's and examines it.

SMITHERS

Goodman, Scott. Four-ninety-three Elm Drive. It would be a shame if anything happened to your family, eh, Scott?

(beat)

Any other questions?

No hands.

INT. PLANT - DAY

Mr. Smithers leads the class through the labyrinth-like plant.

SMITHERS

..and over here is our thermal regulator. To your right, if you look through this window, you'll see where our non-radioactive water joins the rest of nature's biosphere.

Through a window, a pipe spills out liquid onto a beautiful glen. On closer look the glen has gnarled bushes and deformed trees, a three-eyed fish walks on to the shore with two unnatural legs, flaps around and dies.

The tour continues.

SHERRI

Hey, Simpson. You lie.

TERRI

Your Dad doesn't really work here.

BART

Does, too.

TERRI & SHERRI

Not.

BART

Too.

TERRI & SHERRI

Not.

BART

Too.

The fight continues as the class walks past a group of workers standing by a complicated-looking instrument panel.

SMITHERS

On your left, workers carefully check that the planet is run safely and efficiently.

As they pass the workers can be HEARD bickering.

WORKER #1

Well, I don't know what to do.

WORKER #2

Why don't we look in the manual?

FOREMAN
Manual, Schmanuel. It worked
yesterday. We're all alive.
What'd ya do?

WORKER #2
I think I turned the value
right.

FOREMAN
Well, try that again. I'll be
hunting donuts in the worker's
lounge. Tell me how it works
out.

The class walks on.

TERRI AND SHERRI
Not.

BART
Too.

TERRI & SHERRI
Double not.

BART
Double too.

They near a sign reading: "OUR SAFETY RECORD: 3 DAYS
WITHOUT AN ACCIDENT."

TERRI & SHERRI
A million not.

BART
Too-infinity.

The twins are foiled. Just then HOMER comes down the path
riding an electric cart and wearing a radiation suit. Bart
recognizes his dad.

BART
That's him. That's my dad.

TERRI
Well, there's only one way to
find out.

TERRI & SHERRI
(shout)
Hey, Stupid!

CLOSE UP ON HOMER

as he turns around.

HOMER

Huh?

Homer, having taken his eyes off the road, crashes head on into a pipe with the nuclear symbol on it. The pipe breaks open and steam shoots out onto the entire class, turning their badges from blue to red. An alarm goes off, steel doors slam shut, and a worker immediately changes the "3 DAYS" sign to zero.

The foreman walks out.

FOREMAN

Simpson, you idiot. You complete moron. You're fired!

SMITHERS

Class, this would be an example of an incompetent worker. Say hello, Simpson.

HOMER

Uh, hello.

BART

Hey, Dad.

HOMER

Bart?

SMITHERS

Well, now we're all in for a special treat. We're going to get to see what goes on in the scrub down room.

INT. SCRUB DOWN ROOM

It's a white tiled room (as in "Silkwood"). The entire class is naked and painfully being scrubbed down by WORKERS in radiation suits.

SMITHERS

And so almost all of the radiation will be, ow, washed off. Ow... Let's, ow, keep this portion of the tour a secret or all the little kids will want to do it.

The kids AD LIB SOUNDS of pain.

ACT II

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - DAY

It is the morning in the Simpson household. The entire family is gathered around the breakfast table preparing for the day. Bart and LISA are eating cereal. MAGGIE sits in her high chair eating an unknown goo-like substance. Homer sits at the table with his hair neatly combed and wearing a suit and tie. JULIET is cooking Homer's breakfast.

Bart and Lisa finish eating their cereal at the same time and both grab for the cereal box. Bart gets to it first and finishes off the box. Bart LAUGHS demonically.

LISA

Mom! Bart ate all the Chocolate
Chip Barnyard Animal Cereal!

JULIET

Here, Lisa, have some Lil'
Frosted Donuts Cereal.

Juliet hands Lisa a brightly colored box.

HOMER

Eat up, children. Breakfast is
the most important meal of the
day.

BART

Hey, Dad, now that you've been
canned, you can spend all your
time trying to embarrass me in
front of the class.

JULIET

Bart, you know your father is
sorry about that. Besides, he's
got better things to do today.
He's going to get a job. Right,
honey?

HOMER

(brightly)

That's right. You can't keep a
Simpson down. We're made of
stronger stuff. We always
bounce...

Homer breaks down in tears.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(crying)

What am I going to do? How are we going to live?

BART

It's gonna be all right, Dad.

LISA

There are lots of jobs out there.

Maggie offers Homer her pacifier. He takes it and starts to suck on it. Lisa grabs the morning newspaper and opens it to the classified section. She scans the columns.

LISA (CONT'D)

Here's a good job at the pesticide factory.

HOMER

I don't know anything about that.

LISA

How about manager of the toxic dump?

HOMER

Too hands on.

LISA

This sounds perfect: supervising technicians at the Lil' Vulcan Fireworks Factory.

HOMER

Dammit, I'm no supervising technician. I'm a technical supervisor. It's too late to teach this old dog new tricks.

Homer is depressed again.

JULIET

There, there Homer. You'll find a job. We know you can do it.

BART

Yeah, Dad.

LISA

Go for it, Dad.

Maggie gives Homer the "O.K." symbol with her fingers.

ON HOMER

He is energized by his family's confidence in him.

HOMER

I can do it! Yes, I can!
Nothing can stop me! Watch out
world; here comes Homer Simpson!

The family CHANTS "Homer, Homer" as he heads out the door with triumphant MUSIC swelling in the background.

EXT. SIMPSON NEIGHBORHOOD - MORNING

Homer is marching down the street like a champion. After a moment, he passes a neighboring house with a porch. Two extremely OLD PEOPLE, a husband and a wife, sit on rockers and watch Homer walk by.

OLD MAN

Looks like Simpson's off to get
a new job.

OLD WOMAN

An idiot like him? Who'll have
him?

OLD MAN

He's got two choices. The
circus or a government job.

They both SNICKER. Their quiet laughter almost instantly turns into loud whooping COUGHS and GASPS for air.

ON HOMER

walking off into the distance.

CUT TO A SERIES OF SHOTS that include:

An ornate wooden door with a gold plaque reading
"CORPORATION, INC." slams shut in Homer's face.

A factory door slams shut in Homer's face.

A frosted glass office door slams shut in Homer's face.

The door of a fast-food restaurant slams shut in his face.

A large rolling metal door of a garage slams down in front of him.

A large sound stage-type door slides shut in front of him.

Then SEVEN QUICK CUTS of doors of all shapes and sizes slamming shut.

CUT TO HOMER standing in front of a door. It opens to reveal Bart standing in the doorway.

BART

Don't come back until you've got a job.

Bart slams the door in Homer's face.

INT. BAR - AFTERNOON

HOMER is sitting at a bar. He is very depressed and nursing a beer. Finally, Homer starts to sob. The BARTENDER approaches Homer.

BARTENDER

Simpson, years behind this bar have taught me something about people, and I can tell you're upset.

HOMER

Well, I...

Homer is unable to finish.

BARTENDER

You know, I've heard it all, from broken hearts to broken noses. So go ahead. Spill your guts.

HOMER

I lost my job and I haven't been able to find another one.

BARTENDER

Hey, I understand. It happens to everyone. I mean not me, but I'm in a growth industry. Everyone wants to get soused.

HOMER

I'm just a technical supervisor who cared too much.

From the end of the bar an OLD DRUNK raises his head.

DRUNK

I used to be a technical supervisor and I got canned, too. Now look at me. I haven't had a job in twenty years. My wife and kids left me, and I haven't got a dime to my name.

(with courage)

But I don't care what anyone says. I'm gonna get back on my feet and be on top again.

The Drunk collapses in a heap on the bar. Another drunk leans over to check the collapsed man's pulse.

DRUNK #2

My God, this guy is dead.

BARTENDER

I'm going to call an ambulance. Maybe you should pay your tab now.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - DAY

An unshaven Homer lies on a couch watching television. He is comatose. Bart, Lisa and Maggie sit on the floor watching television too. From the television can be heard the SOUNDS of an angry monster GROWLING and cars CRASHING and then people SHOUTING and running away.

BART

Come on, Dad. This is your favorite show.

Homer remains comatose. The children turn their gaze back to the T.V. set.

T.V. ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

We will return to "The New Adventures of Big Foot" after these messages.

COMMERCIAL ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Tired of your job? Looking for some real excitement? Then come to T.S.S.T., the Technical Supervisor School of Training, where you'll learn the fast paced, jet-set world of...

Bart clicks off the set with the remote.

BART
Hey, Dad, wanna play catch?

No response from Homer.

LISA
Mom made some of her famous cole
slaw. Want some?

They both notice he is not responding and look at each other.

BART
I got an "F" on my history test.

LISA
I took your favorite sweat shirt
and made it into a tank top.

BART
We sold Maggie to the zoo.

LISA
Bart smokes a pack of cigarettes
a day.

Nothing.

BART
(to Lisa)
Lights on but nobody's home.

They both look at each other and get an idea at the same
time.

BART
Hey, Dad, I'm going to eat
cookies for dinner.

LISA
And, Dad, I'm going to skip
homework and go over to
Cynthia's.

BART
If that's a problem, just say
so.

Homer stares into the distance.

BART & LISA
All right!

Bart and Lisa skip off happily in separate directions.
Juliet walks into the room carrying a large bowl of cole
slaw.

JULIET

Honey, have some of my famous
Simpson's Sour Slaw.

Homer does not move.

JULIET

Well, I'll set it here. It's
better when it gets some time to
breathe.

Juliet exits. Homer does not move. In a window over his
shoulder, we see the sun set and the sky go dark. A full
moon rises in the sky. Homer has not moved a muscle. He
sits alone in the dark.

HOMER

I could use a drink.

While still lying on the couch, Homer pulls his pockets
inside out. They are empty. He rips his shirt pocket open.
It, too, is empty.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I haven't got a penny to my
name.

A THOUGHT BUBBLE appears over Homer's head. Inside the
bubble stands Homer wearing a top hat and tails. He is at
his local bar.

HOMER (IN THE BUBBLE)

Drinks for everyone!

All the PATRONS of the bar CHEER Homer.

ALL

Three cheers for Homer Simpson!

The group breaks out into a rousing chorus of "For He's a
Jolly Good Fellow."

The bubble pops and Homer's face becomes twisted with
insanity (a la Jack Nicholson in "The Shining").

HOMER

I know where I can get some
money.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bart is sleeping peacefully in his bed. His room is littered with discarded toys, comic books and cookies. Homer creeps into the room still in the grip of madness. After a moment of searching, his face lights up.

The angle ZOOMS IN on a piggy bank that sits on a shelf just above Bart's head.

Homer eyes it and then quietly crosses the room and grabs the piggy bank. He is halfway out of the room when Bart sits up like a zombie and opens his eyes. Homer stops dead in his track.

HOMER
(nervously)
Uh, son, I was just --

BART
(interrupting)
I blew up the Hindenburg.

Bart then collapses on his bed in a deep sleep. Homer waits a beat and then creeps out of the room.

INT. HALLWAY/KITCHEN

As HOMER runs down the stairs and into the kitchen, he is LAUGHING fiendishly. He places the piggy bank on the counter and searches for a hammer, finally finding one in a utility drawer. He does not notice the NOISE he is making. He then takes the hammer and hits the bank. The bank does not budge. Homer starts to cry.

HOMER
What have I done? I've stolen
my own son's piggy bank. Look
at me. I'm no-good scum.

Through his sobs, he turns to look at the piggy bank. He takes the hammer and SMASHES the bank once, then again and again. It does not break. He picks up the bank and begins to smash it on the counter repeatedly. As Homer makes a desperate, NOISY attempt to break open the bank, we CUT TO IN RAPID SUCCESSION:

Bart sleeping peacefully.

Maggie sleeping peacefully.

Juliet sleeping peacefully.

Lisa sleeping peacefully.

And then back to Homer out of breath. He puts the bank down. Again Homer is consumed by tears.

HOMER

I don't deserve to live. I'm worthless. I should just end it all. Yeah, that's it. They'll be better off without me.

Homer walks over to the refrigerator. On the freezer door is a memo pad with a pen on a string. The pad says "DUMB THINGS I GOTTA DO TODAY" with beautiful flowing flowers along the borders.

Homer takes the pen that hangs from an string and writes: "Dear Family, I'm sorry I am such a complete and utter failure. I realize now that you will be better off without me. By the time you read this, I will be in my watery grave. I can only leave you with the words my father left with me: 'Stand tall, have courage and never give up.' Warmest regards, Homer J. Simpson."

Homer lets go of the pen and walks out of the house. As he quietly clicks the door shut, we:

CUT TO:

INT. BART'S BEDROOM

Bart wakes with a start.

BART

(startled)

What was that?!!

Bart hears the sound of GRUNTING from outside and approaches his window to see what the noise is.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - NIGHT

Homer is in the garden. He is tying a rope around a very large rock and then his neck.

BART'S POV

We see a GRUNTING Homer walk off into the night carrying the rock.

ANGLE ON BART

running out of his room.

EXT. SIMPSON NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Homer is walking down the street with his rock. It is dark and the streets of Springfield are empty. After a few steps, he is once again passing the house where the two extremely old people are still passing the time out on the porch.

OLD WOMAN

Looks like Simpson is going to
kill himself.

OLDMAN

Bet you dollars to donuts he
can't even do that.

They begin to LAUGH which once again turns into desperate GASPS for air. Homer walks on.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN

Bart standing in front of the refrigerator. He finishes reading the note and starts out of the kitchen, but returns to the refrigerator, opens it, takes a swig of milk from the carton, and then bolts out of the kitchen.

BART

Wake up! Everybody wake up!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Homer approaching an empty intersection. He has been carrying the rock for several blocks and is tired. The bridge is across the intersection.

HOMER

Almost there.

Homer is halfway across the street when a car comes out of nowhere blaring the HORN and narrowly missing Homer. Homer drops the rock.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Jeez, a guy could get killed
around here.

Homer bends over to pick up the rock, but it is finally too heavy. He drags the rock the remaining few feet to the bridge. He is out of breath. He rests for a moment in front of a sign that says: "NO SPITTING, NO FISHING, NO BUNGI JUMPING."

The moment has arrived. A tearful Homer gathers up his strength and throws the rock over the edge. The rock plunges into the water. The rope rapidly uncoils; Homer braces himself. But the moment does not come. The rope is too long.

HOMER

Oh, great. I can't even do this right. Where am I going to get another rope tied to a rock at this time of time of night?

ANOTHER ANGLE

The entire Simpson family approaching the intersection. They halt in horror.

JULIET

There he is!

Bart runs off into the intersection.

BART

Don't do it, Dad!

Homer looks up.

HOMER

Bart! Be careful!

Homer runs towards Bart but only gets a few steps. The rope becomes taut around his neck, pulling him backwards. As Bart is halfway across the street, three speeding cars race by in rapid succession, narrowly missing Bart each time. Homer unties the rope and runs to Bart in the middle of the street, picks him up, dodges two more cars, and then arrives safely on the sidewalk in front of the family.

HOMER

Bart, are you okay?

BART

I'm okay, Dad. We were worried about you. Are you all right?

HOMER

Well, except for this stiff neck, I'm fine. Boy, this intersection is murder. Someone ought to put a stop sign here.

A ray of golden light lands on Homer's head.

HOMER (CONT'D)
Wait a second. I've got an
idea.

As Homer speaks, the sun rises behind him. The whole family
is bathed in a golden glow. Birds start to SING.

HOMER (CONT'D)
I love you guys. Not only did
you come after me, you've given
me purpose, a reason to live. I
will not rest until this street
gets a stop sign. I don't care
who I have to face; I don't care
who I have to fight. I know
it's going to be a tough battle,
but with my family behind me,
there's no way I can lose.

The family all hug and look off into the golden sunrise.
It's a new day for the Simpsons.

ACT III

EXT. SPRINGFIELD CITY HALL - SUNSET

Establishing shot of the very unimpressive-looking City Hall. The name "EL BARTO" is written in spray paint across the face of the building.

INT. CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS - EVENING

The Simpsons sit in the front row of an almost empty session of the Springfield City Council. Homer and Bart are in suit and tie. Juliet and Lisa are in nice dresses and Maggie wears a special bonnet. On the council dais are THREE MEN, two average-looking white men and one average-looking black man.

JULIET

Now don't be nervous, honey.
Even though you've never spoken
in public before, I just know
you're going to be the hit of
the council meeting.

HOMER

I hope you're right. I've got
my speech all prepared.

Homer holds up a thick stack of papers.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And my facts researched.

Homer holds up a massive file of pictures and important-looking papers.

HOMER (CONT'D)

I haven't done this much work
since I filed that health
insurance claim. And this seems
so much more... historic.

COUNCILMAN #1

Mrs. Carlyle, the council will
take under advisement your
proposal to officially name
April seventeenth "Mrs. Carlyle
Day". Any other old business?

MRS. CARLYLE sits down.

COUNCILMAN #2

Well, there's still the matter of the town motto. Mr. Clayman from the Mayor's office is in charge.

MR. CLAYMAN looks like a slicked ad man.

MR. CLAYMAN

Well, as you all know, Springfield is fast approaching its 150th anniversary, and we thought it was high time to change the town motto from "Springfield, A Town For The Eighteen Hundreds" to something more hep. The committee has narrowed it down to three contenders. First: "Springfield, Home of Heroes" which sounds good but which we all know is a complete lie. Second: "Springfield, Gateway to Lake City", and finally my favorite, "I Love Springfield", but in place of the word "Love" there's a big red heart. I didn't get it at first, but if you think about it, it's awfully clever!

COUNCILMAN #3

Very good. I propose council take the matter under advisement.

COUNCILMAN #2

Second.

COUNCILMAN #1

All in favor.

All three raise their hands.

COUNCILMAN #1

Done. Now Police Chief Russell will give us an update on our graffiti situation.

The uniformed CHIEF swaggers up to the podium still wearing his sunglasses.

CHIEF

It's no secret that this city has been plagued by a serious graffiti problem. The Springfield P.D. is hot on the heels of a suspect known as "El Barto". I'm sure you're all familiar with that name, since it's spray-painted everywhere in the city. Police artists have a composite sketch of the culprit and we feel like we're closing in on him. If anyone has any information, please contact us immediately.

He holds up a sketch drawing that looks similar to Bart only meaner with beard stubble and a cigarette. He hands it to Bart who looks it and passes it on.

COUNCILMAN #1

I move we take the matter under advisement.

COUNCILMAN #2

Second.

COUNCILMAN #1

All in favor.

They all raise their hands.

COUNCILMAN #1 (CONT'D)

So moved. Next on the agenda, new business.

(reading)

Homer Simpson to discuss intersection of Main and Broadway.

Homer nervously steps up to the podium. He gathers his speech and notes and takes a moment to compose himself.

COUNCILMAN #1 (CONT'D)

Mr. Simpson?

HOMER

Ladies and gentlemen, esteemed Councilmen, dangers comes in many forms, from the early age of the dinosaur to the potential invasion of Earth by hostile aliens...

COUNCILMAN #2
(interrupting)
What's the problem?

Homer, surprised at the interruption, is hesitant.

HOMER
Uh, it's dangerous to cross the
street at Main and Broadway.

COUNCILMAN #3
(interrupting)
What do you propose?

HOMER
A stop sign.

COUNCILMAN #1
All in favor.

COUNCILMEN
Aye.

COUNCILMAN #2
Approved. Meeting adjourned.
Coffee and Twinkies in the
lobby.

Homer, confused, slowly walks back to his family.

JULIET
You did it, honey.

BART
Way to go, Dad.

LISA
You really beat the system.

Maggie burps and gives Homer thumbs up. Homer starts to feel
victorious.

HOMER
I did do it. I made a
difference, and this is just the
beginning. From now on, I'll
dedicate myself to safety.

Homer takes one step and falls flat on his face in a swift,
violent motion.

JULIET
Before you start your safety
crusade, I think you should tie
your shoelaces, dear.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

Homer proudly kneeling in front of a red curb. There is a bright flash and the moment becomes a still photo.

Every new location in this sequence follows that pattern.

Homer displays a "CAUTION" sign.

Homer stands next to a "RABBIT CROSSING" sign.

Homer smiling broadly underneath a sign that reads "DIP."

He clamps his hand over his head in victory next to a "NOT A THROUGH STREET" sign.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARK - DAY

The Simpson family sits enjoying a picnic in the park. The park is covered with signs like "CHILDREN AT PLAY", "NO SKATEBOARDING", "GIVE A HOOT, DON'T POLLUTE", etc. They sit on a blanket eating from paper plates.

HOMER

Ahh, nothing like a picnic in the park. Boy, it sure feels good to get out here and relax.

JULIET

Homer, I'm so proud of you. All your hard work has really made this city a slightly more liveable place.

HOMER

Thanks, honey. You know, I've never been happier. It's like I'm alive for the first time. I feel like I'm helping people.

BART

And with Mom's part-time job, we're just barely squeaking by.

HOMER

I can't help it if they don't actually pay a person to be a good citizen, so shut up and eat your cole slaw.

A long-haired man, JOSH, wearing a leather vest covered with political buttons, approaches the Simpson family.

JOSH

Excuse me...

HOMER

Beat it, you bum. There's no change here for you. Can't you read the sign: "No Loitering"?

JOSH

Mr. Simpson, I'm Josh Bolinski from People Against People Who Are For Nuclear Energy". We understand you are a real safety activist. A leader in the community.

HOMER

(proudly)

That's me in spades.

JOSH

Well, we're having a safety rally at the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant tomorrow, and with your support, I think we can get the public on our side. What do you say?

HOMER

Well, I was planning to get the town elevation corrected on the "Welcome to Springfield" sign. But I guess that could wait a day if it has to.

JOSH

Great, eleven a.m. I knew I could count on a man like you.

Josh walks off.

BART

Are you really going to take on your old bosses?

HOMER

Son, I'll make them rue the day they ever set eyes on Homer Simpson.

BART
Dad, one day I'm sure everyone
will feel that way.

HOMER
Thanks, boy.

EXT. NUCLEAR PLANT - DAY

Several hundred PEOPLE with Anti-nuclear placards and banners peacefully assemble in front of the Springfield Nuclear Power Plant. Josh stands on a makeshift stage and speaks into a microphone.

JOSH
...There's no safe way to
dispose of nuclear waste and the
safety records of this plant in
particular is abominable. In
conclusion, let me add Nuclear
energy stinks on ice!

The crowd erupts in CHEERS, CHANTING "Stinks on ice!" Josh quiets them down.

JOSH (CONT'D)
And now, the man you're all here
to see, a man whose very name is
synonymous with safety, a former
worker at this very
plant...Homer Simpson.

The crowd APPLAUDS and again CHANTS "Stinks on ice!" Homer walks up to the microphone and pulls out another giant speech and begins reading from it.

HOMER
Thank you.

The crowd settles.

HOMER (CONT'D)
Unlike most of you, I am not a
nut. Just a good honest
American who opposes wrong-doing
wherever it occurs.

Two men in suits walk out of the plant and over to Homer. One is the Foreman who fired Homer. The second is MR. BELLIN, an Executive Vice President of the plant.

HOMER (CONT'D)
I know first hand of the
stupidity and recklessness that
--

FOREMAN
Simpson. Come over here.

HOMER
Why, here are the money-grubbing
perpetrators of this evil.

The crowd BOOS.

FOREMAN
We want to talk to you.

HOMER
They want to talk.

The crowd CHEERS.

HOMER (CONT'D)
You see, we can make a
difference. I'll give them our
demands.

Homer walks away from the microphone and over to the men in
suits.

HOMER
Mr. Foreman, Vice President
Bellin. So we meet again.

FOREMAN
Simpson, get rid of this crowd
and we'll give you your old job
back.

Mr. Bellin nods. Homer is surprised by the offer but finds
the resolve to continue his mission.

HOMER

I'm afraid that's not good enough. These people are concerned about safety. It's the whole community at stake. This goes beyond dollars and cents. We want to make this town liveable for our children and their children, too, so they can all play in the fresh American breeze of freedom. The issues we are talking about here cannot be swept under the rug like so many used pistachio shells.

FOREMAN

Well, how about we make you Safety Supervisor. It pays an extra ten dollars a week.

Mr. Bellin nods.

HOMER

Thank you, sir. It's good to be back.

FOREMAN

(clapping his hands)

Let's go, Simpson. You're back on the clock.

HOMER

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir.

Homer runs back to the microphone.

HOMER

They've met our demands.
declare this plant safe.

The crowd CHEERS. Some men take Homer on their shoulders and parade down the street and into the distance. The crowd follows behind.

THE END